

Louie E. Betts.

172 Campbell Avenue.



# STILL

THE BIRDS STILL SING ABOUT YOU  
IN THE SAME SWEET MINOR TRILL  
THE BIRDS STILL SING ABOUT YOU  
AND BREAK MY HEART AT WILL.

Words by —  
Boyle L'apperriere

Music by —  
JULES FABER  
LONDON, TORONTO, MELBOURNE,  
HARRY H. SPARKS.

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Words by  
BOYLE LAPPERRIERE

Music by  
JULES FABER

Andante

I might  
I might

wish Love to for-get you, but the wind must still re-gret you, I might  
seek Love to re-place you, but the world can neer ef-face you, I might

hope to find lost hap - pi - ness and peace But  
wake some day to trust an - oth - er heart But



ev - 'ry flow'r and ev - 'ry leaf still whis - per of my grief, the  
all the stars with ev - 'ry glint give lov - ing wist - ful hint, and

breeze your voice will nev - er, nev - er cease, I might  
un - der - stand that we were forced to part, I might

learn to live with - out you, but the riv - er dreams a - bout you, it still  
grow in time to doubt you, but the moon knows all a - bout you, I might

*cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.*

fos - ters ev - 'ry ten - der look and tone. And ev - 'ry one with gift of grace, re -  
still re - call those pre - cious years of yore. But all the thoughts that in - ter - lace your

minds me of your face, for you my heart is long-ing still my own. The  
mem-o-ry re-trace, for you my soul is yearn-ing more and more. The

REFRAIN.

birds still sing a-bout you in the same sweet min-or trill The

birds still sing a-bout you and break my heart at will, The birds still call and

1. war-ble and sing a-bout you still. 2. sing a-bout you still.

*pp rit. e dim.* *ppp rit. e dim.*

